

Arlington Advocate.



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NO. 6.

At the Garden Gate.
They lingered at the garden gate—
The moon was full above;
He took her darling hand in his,
The trembling little dove,
And pressed it to his fervent lips,
And softly told his love.

About her waist he placed his arm;
He called her all his own;
His heart, he said, it ever beat
For her, and her alone;
And he was happier than a king
Upon a golden throne.

"Come weal, come woe," in ardent tones
This youth continued he,
"As is the needle to the pole,
So I will constant be;
No power on earth shall tear thee, love,
Away, I swear, from me!"

From out the chamber window popped
A grizzled night-capped head;
A hoarse voice yelled: "You, Susan Jane,
Come in and go to bed!"
And that was all—it was enough!
The young man wildly fled.

THE GAMBETTA DUEL.

HOW MARK TWAIN DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AS THE STATESMAN'S SECOND.

Mark Twain writes for the *Atlantic Monthly* an account of his participation in the recent duel between Gambetta and Fournon. When he had heard of the outbreak in the Assembly he says that he called on Gambetta, whom he found "steeped in a profound French calm." Mr. Twain after being embraced began the conversation:

"I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said: 'Of course.' I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my country in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that dueling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This accounts for the fact that in all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman. First, we drew up my principal's will. I insisted upon this and stuck to my point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he had never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When we had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his 'last words.' He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me:

"I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress and the universal brotherhood of man!"

I objected that this would require too lingering a death; it was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honor. We wrangled over a good many ante-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to cut his obituary down to this, which he copied into his memorandum book, purposing to get it by heart:

"I die that France may live."
I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words—what you wanted was thrill.

I then wrote the following note and carried it to Mr. Fournon's friend:

Sir: M. Gambetta accepts M. Fournon's challenge, and authorizes me to propose Plessis-Piquet as the place of meeting; to-morrow morning at day-break as the time; and axes as the weapons. I am, sir, with great respect,
MARK TWAIN.

M. Fournon's friend read this note, and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said, with a suggestion of severity in his tone:

"Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?"

"Well, for instance, what would it be?"

"Bloodshed!"

"That's about the size of it," I said.

"Now, if it is a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?"

I had him there, he saw he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. He said he had spoken jestingly. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred by the French code, and so I must change my proposal.

After proposing Gatling guns, rifles, navy pistols and brick-bats, Mr. Twain left the choice of weapons to the other second, who fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barrelled and silver-mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung one of them on my watch-chain, and returned the other. My companion in crime now unrolled a postage-stamp containing several cartridges and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the French

code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said:

"Sixty-five yards, with these instruments? Pop-guns would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not make it eternal."

But with all my persuasions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to thirty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh:

"I wash my hands of this slaughter; on your head be it."

There was nothing for me but to go home to my own lion-heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered M. Gambetta was laying his last look of hair upon the altar. He sprang toward me, exclaiming:

"The weapon, the weapon! Quick! what is the weapon?"

"This!" and I displayed that silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, then swooned ponderously to the floor.

When he came to he said, mournfully:

"The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with weakness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman."

He rose to his feet and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never been approached by man and has seldom been surpassed by statues.

After a long silence he asked:

"Was nothing said about that man's family standing up with him as an offset to my bulk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself he is welcome to this advantage, which no honorable man would take."

"At what hour is the engagement to begin?"

"Half-past nine."

"Very good indeed. Have you sent the facts to the newspapers?"

"Sir! If after our long and intimate friendship you can for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery!"

"Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend? Have I wounded you? Ah, forgive me; I am overloading you with labor. Therefore go on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The bloody-minded Fournon will be sure to attend to it. Or I myself—yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalistic friend, M. Noir."

"Oh, come to think, you may save yourself the trouble; that other second has informed M. Noir."

"H'm! I might have known it. It is just like that Fournon, who always wants to make a display."

At half past nine in the morning the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order: First came our carriage—nobody in it but Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fournon and his second; then a carriage containing two porters orators who did not believe in God, and these had MS. funeral orations projecting from their breast-pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a hack containing the coroner; then the two hearsees; then a carriage containing the head undertakers; then a train of assistants and mutes on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp-followers, police and citizens generally. It was a noble turnout, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.

The police noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay, while they should put these poor people in a place of safety. The request was granted. The police having ordered the two multitudes to take positions behind the duellists, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal we should each deliver a loud whoop to enable the combatants to ascertain each other's whereabouts.

I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of his spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said: "Indeed, sir, things are not as bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the limited number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may

survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted."

This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his hand and said:

"I am myself again; give me the weapon."

I laid it, all lonely and forlorn, in the center of the vast solitude of his palm. He gazed at it and shuddered. And still mournfully contemplating it he murmured in a broken voice:

"Alas, it is not death I dread, but mutilation."

I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said: "Let the tragedy begin. Stand at my back; do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend."

I gave him my promise. I now assisted him to point his pistol toward the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and further guide himself by my fellow-second's whoop. Then I propped myself against M. Gambetta's back, and raised a rousing "Whoop-ee!" This was answered from out the far distances of the fog, and I immediately shouted:

"One—two—three—fire!"

Two little sounds like spit! spit! broke upon my ear, and in the same instant I was crushed to the earth under a mountain of flesh. Buried as I was, I was still able to catch a faint accent from above, to this effect:

"I die for—for—deuce take it, what is it I die for?—oh, yes—France! I die that France may live!"

The surgeons swarmed around with their probes in their hands and applied their microscopes to the whole area of M. Gambetta's person, with the happy result of finding nothing in the nature of a wound. Then a scene ensued which was in every way gratifying and inspiring.

The two gladiators fell upon each other's necks, with floods of proud and happy tears; that other second embraced me; the surgeons, the orators, the undertakers, the police, everybody embraced, everybody congratulated, everybody cried, and the whole atmosphere was filled with praise and with joy unspeakable. It seemed to me then that I would rather be the hero of a French duel than a crowned and sceptred monarch.

A Counterfeiter's Story.

Lodged in the Newark jail are two notorious counterfeiters who have floated more "queer" money and given the authorities more trouble within the last ten years than all the other counterfeiters combined. These same two gentlemen have romantic histories that engage the attention of the public, and would no doubt win a few sympathizing words from the press were the latter not conscious that it is always the habit of such dangerous criminals to beguile and touch the soft side of the public with just such tales. Charles Ulrich, one of these knights of "spurious plates," told his story in the United States commissioner's office, and in brief it is as follows: Born in Prussia, at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver and became very skillful at the business, a fact that hundreds of thousands of our citizens have no reason to doubt. To avoid a draft he went to England and subsequently came to this city, where he and sixteen others were induced by an English officer to take service in the Crimea. Ulrich was drafted into the famous Light Brigade, and was one of the gallant six hundred who made the historic charge at Balaklava. He described his feelings when the brigade dashed at the Russian lines. He said he was carried away with the excitement, as were his fellows, and he did not think of danger. He was struck on the head with a musket by a Russian soldier. His skull was crushed, his side was pierced by a bayonet, and he was left for dead on the battlefield, where he lay helpless for thirty-six hours. He was then carried off by the English troops and placed in a hospital. He recovered, and was sent to England. In support of the above assertion he exhibits scars on his head and body. After a short residence in England he returned to this city and fell in with Jim Colvert, a partner of Cole, (who is under arrest with Ulrich), and Colvert induced him to engrave a vignette, not telling him for what purpose it was to be used. By this trick, he said, Cole got him in his power, and he was forced to engrave many plates for him. At one time they issued \$50,000 in \$5 banknotes, and at another \$300,000 in \$50 notes were shipped to Hamburg, Germany. These notes, he said, were given by brokers in Germany to emigrants who were coming to this country, and on their arrival the emigrant passed the notes for railroad fare. In this way the United States officers discovered that counterfeit \$50 notes were being circulated in Europe.

—New York Mail.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A full pardon has been granted to twenty-four French communists, imprisoned at New Caledonia, for their services against insurgents there.

Ah Say, a Chinaman, who for several years has controlled Chinese labor on the Union Pacific railroad, is a millionaire, and married a Tartar woman, the Tartars being a menial race in China.

The newspapers are guessing on the population of the United States in 1880, and some of them think the increase from 1870 will be about twenty-five per cent., which, in round numbers, would make the population about 47,645,000.

M. Camille Flammarion, of Paris, has recently published a number of articles to prove that the moon is inhabited, and is now organizing a committee to collect the necessary funds to construct a refracting telescope of sufficient power to see them. He calculates the cost of the instrument at 1,000,000 francs (\$200,000).

The following particulars as to the Russian losses during the recent campaign are officially given: In the Balkan peninsula, 129,471 men were killed by the enemy or succumbed to sickness, and 120,950 were sent back to Russia wounded and sick, of whom 42,350 died. The whole losses amount, therefore, to 172,400 men, but in this number the severe losses of the Russians in Asia Minor are not included.

Chemistry is the science of the world and of the future. The bridge which takes the engineer years to construct, the chemist can, in so many sixtieths of a second, reduce to atoms. Chemistry has given us the balloon; it has put in our hands gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and, above all, fulminate of gold, an explosive so terrible that, if an ounce of it be left in a stoppered bottle, its grains falling among themselves by their own weight will create a convulsion sufficient to lay all New York in ruins. It has given us poisons so subtle that, were we to employ such means of warfare, we could sail in a balloon over the camp of the enemy and drop upon it a shell, the bursting of which would kill every human being within a mile of its range.

Speaking of rich Englishmen, an exchange says that the eccentric old Earl of Dysart will, it may be presumed, be of some use to somebody at last, as he left a personal estate of \$8,500,000, the largest ever left behind by an English peer, although it has been surpassed by many mercantile men. The late Duke of Cleveland, who left over a million sterling, comes nearest. Lord Westminster, regarded as the *Croesus par excellence*, left but \$1,000,000. No Englishman has as yet come within \$10,000,000 of Mr. Brassey, the great contractor. Mr. Morrison, of Fore Street (Morrison, Dillon & Co.), comes nearest, with \$20,000,000, and, having regard to the extent of his landed possessions, was probably the wealthiest Englishman who has ever made his own fortune.

Bijah's Boots.

"What on earth ails you this time?" sharply demanded the court as Bijah limped across his path to the desk.

"Boots," was the brief reply.

"Who booted you?"

"I want it understood that I've got a new pair of boots, and they hurt my feet!" answered the janitor.

"Where are they—show them to me?"

Bijah limped into the corridor and brought out one. He was a little pale around the mouth, and his voice trembled as he said:

"It's plenty big enough, but the heel don't set right."

His honor looked from the boot to Bijah's foot and back, and a look of horror settled down upon his face as he said:

"Well, I'm now ready to lie down and die! When a man seventy-eight years old, bald-headed, ugly-looking, and with hands as big as wall-baskets, will deliberately try to crowd a No. 13 foot into a No. 12 boot, we might as well go under ground."

"That boot is even too big for me!" persisted Bijah.

"Too big! Too big! Bijah, have you decided in your old age to gain notoriety as a falsifier? Too big! Great guns! but they'll have to have a second story added before you could wear a stocking with 'em!"

Bijah walked away with quivering chin. It isn't right for any one to abuse another's feet. Feet are something none of us can help, especially big feet.

—Free Press.

The Ice Sea.

Dr. Hayes, in his sketch, "What a snowflake may come to," says:

Now it must be borne in mind that an ice sea such as that of Greenland, is not a stationary mass, like rock, but is a moving mass like water. What is it but hardened water?

Take the better-known glaciers of the Alps, by way of illustration, there we find *mer de glace*, from which are many branches extending down the valleys on every side. These are usually called glaciers. They are ice streams, for they flow downward through the valleys; and are the means by which the *mer de glace*, or ice sea discharges itself, thus preventing an accumulation which would, but for these ice streams, become interminable. It is estimated that the mountain snows of the Alps would gather there at the rate of four thousand feet in a thousand years. This accumulation is, however, prevented by natural law, for the Creator, in the all-wise dispensation of His power, has made ice ductile, as if it were fluid. Hence it flows, when on an inclined plane, just as water flows, only, of course, slower.

An ice stream is, therefore, in effect, a river and drains the mountain-ice of the Alps down to the sea, as rivers drain the rains which fall in other places. The Alpine ice-streams become, however, actual rivers in the end; for as they flow down the valleys in a continuous stream from the *mer de glace*, the end reaches the base of the mountains, where the temperature becomes comparatively warm, and the end of the ice-stream is steadily melted off, as a candle thrust slowly into a heated stove. The water thus formed completes the circuit to the sea, as a real river, and not an ice-river; the only difference, however, in the flow and the law of flow being the rate.

The ice molds itself to its bed, as the river does. When the bed is wide it expands; when the bed is narrow it contracts and thickens; when the descent is slight, it deepens; when rapid, it hurries along and becomes shoal. An ice-stream, like a river, has therefore its cascades, its rapids, its broad lagoons (so to speak), and its smooth, steady, ever-flowing places. It carries rocks along with it upon its surface (which have been hurled down upon it from the neighboring cliffs by the frost) as the river carries sticks of wood, leaves and other light material.

Greenland is only the Alps many times magnified—not in altitude, of course, but in extent of surface and the quantity of mountain ice which it has accumulated. The whole interior of that continent is, in effect, covered with an ice-sea, from which flow ice-streams on either side down through the valleys.

There is, however, one great point of difference between the Alpine ice-stream and the Greenland ice-stream. While the end of an Alpine ice-stream melts in the warm air, at a lower level than that in which it was formed, the Greenland ice-stream, on the other hand, meets no such fate. The whole of Greenland, from the sea upward to the mountain-tops, has too low a temperature for that. Hence the ice-streams pour all the way down to the sea, which they usually reach at the head of the deep "fjords." Thus does the sea take the place of the air in the melting process. But not exactly in the same manner. The sea first breaks off a mass from the end of the Greenland ice-stream, and gradually melts it, as it floats south with the current.

This mass is the iceberg.

Both these processes, however, have the same result—the final return of the mountain snows to their natural home in the sea.

Tropical Fruits in California.

Orange growing in California has been assuming such dimensions as to make it doubtful whether in a few years it will pay to raise the fruit at all. Every land-owner and settler in the neighborhood of Los Angeles is ambitious to have an orange grove; houses are surrounded by them, and they even border the streets. Many of the longer-headed cultivators of the ground are beginning to plant almond and walnut trees, foreseeing a time when the market will be glutted with oranges. The success in raising bananas has not been very encouraging thus far, owing to the injury done to the young trees by the occasional night frosts. It is believed, however, that harm is to be feared from the frosts only while the banana trees are very young, and that if they can be nursed through their infancy, they will prove hardy enough to survive. Oranges, figs, almonds, olives, bananas—these are among the fruits produced by the wonderful Golden State, as well as the choicest grapes, fit for wine and raisin making, and all the fruits of temperate climes, in the greatest profusion and of the highest excellence.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A dealer in extracts—The dentist.

A poor relation—A story badly told.

Baking powder is used for blowing up bread.

Electric sparks—Counting a distant sweetheart by telegraph.

When does a man smoke a cigar too long? When he smokes it too short.

"What," says a correspondent, "would you call short order?" Git!

A man in Illinois has found a way to make good lumber out of compressed straw.

Four hundred miles of streets have to be lighted at the expense of the city of Boston.

If a word spoken in time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

Toads and frogs were originally introduced into the Sandwich islands to exterminate cockroaches.

A doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the churchyard, which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients.

It is fortunate for the Chinese that they have an epidemic of cholera so seldom, for with their habits of filth and overcrowding they have no chance but to be decimated.

Wild animals are rapidly disappearing from Algeria. The French government pays up to ten dollars for every lion or panther that is killed, and about thirty-seven cents for every jackal.

There is a curious creek in West Texas, which enters a rocky gorge and runs underground for forty miles. In some places natural wells two hundred and forty feet deep are found, through which the roaring of the subterranean creek can be heard plainly.

Said little Johnny Jones, "It would be amusing quite."

If cats could speak our language loud and clear:

For probably when they gossip on a moony roof at night,

They say things it would make us laugh to hear."

And little Jennie answered, "Well, possibly they might."

Talk plainer if they'd only purr severe."

"Hard Times" in Boston.

The following is an extract from a letter by a country cousin temporarily in Boston to his mother: "You ask me what indications there are of hard times in Boston. On Sunday, at least ten thousand sleighs drawn by fast magnificent horses passed aunt's house. Cousin Jo says if it were not for the hard time there would have been fifteen thousand.

Nearly every lady wears a sealskin sash, but Cousin Minnie told me but for hard times they would all wear sable, as they did when her mother was a girl. At the theater the other night there were diamonds enough in the ears of the ladies to fill a cornucopia, but Jo says if the times were better there would be no use for gas as the brilliants would illuminate the auditorium. At church last Sunday Cousin Minnie said she did not believe that there were more than sixty fifty-dollar hats present, which she says is proof positive that business is very dull. Uncle Joseph thinks we have reached what he calls 'hard pan,' which I presume is a kind of frosted cake that poor people are obliged to eat, because there are so many failures. Many fashionable people are so poor that they are not able to raise pot plants, but they hire them for winter decorations from the florists. The hardest case of pure suffering that I have seen was at the opera, where the swell young men, in order to economize, were without gloves."

Home-Made Bread.

A correspondent gives a practical hint on the subject of bread-making, which may be acceptable to some of our home-baking readers. It is well known that dough, when well kneaded and of firm consistence, give a whiter and lighter bread than under opposite conditions.

But the most important point of all to be attended to in bread-making, or in any other kind of bakery, is the previous sifting of the flour through a sieve, so that every particle of it may be brought into contact with the oxygen of the air. A dough made of sifted meal mixes better, with both water and yeast, rises better, and requires far less kneading than when the flour has not been sifted, and the bread obtained from it is lighter and in every respect of superior quality. The longer flour may have lain aside before being used, the more necessary is it to subject it to the operation. Many a disappointment and many a fit of "temper" will be spared if the housewife will only sift the flour thoroughly before preparing the batter for the bake-oven.—The Farmer.

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VITAL STATISTICS.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Locke, our Town Clerk, we are enabled to lay before our readers the vital statistics of the Town of Arlington, in advance of the annual reports, which are now in the hands of the printer. For the convenience of our readers in making comparisons, we print the figures of last year as well as this, from which it will be noticed that there is an increase in the number of marriages and births, over last year, and a decrease in the number of deaths.

BIRTHS.	1878	1877
Whole number.	109	163
Males.	51	52
Females.	58	53
American parents.	7	9
Foreign parents.	66	54
Mixed parentage.	12	14

INTENTIONS OF MARRIAGE.	1878	1877
Whole number couples.	37	33
Average age of males.	27	30
Average age of females.	24	25
Both persons residing in Arlington.	13	21
But one person residing in Arlington.	20	12

MARRIAGES.	1878	1877
Whole number couples.	37	33
Both American.	24	17
Both foreign born.	7	9
American and foreign born.	6	7
Age of oldest person married.	51	57
Age of youngest person married.	18	18
First marriage of.	63	50
Second marriage of.	9	10

DEATHS.	1878	1877
Whole number.	77	87
Males.	38	37
Females.	39	50
Average age, 25 years, 7 months, 20 days.	39	42
Number under 5 years.	36	42
" between 5 and 10 years.	3	6
" " 10 " 20 " 30 " 40 " 50 " 60 years.	12	11
" over 60 years.	16	19

PRINCIPAL CAUSES.	1878	1877
Consumption, pneumonia, and congestion of the lungs.	23	23
Diphtheria, croup, and bronchitis.	14	14
Dysentery, cholera infantum, and diarrhoea.	6	6
Brain disease.	5	5
Heart disease.	3	3
Cancer.	3	3

PRACTICAL TEST.—A single simple illustration is always worth pages of theory. About a year ago Mr. Charles L. Wheeler, of Somerville, being intimate with some of the prominent members, was induced to unite with Arlington Lodge, Knights of Honor. During his membership he has paid into the Lodge treasury and contributed towards the benefit fund in the form of assessments, as deaths have occurred, the sum of \$28.65. A short time ago he was taken sick, and last week died. The papers giving the particulars have been forwarded to the Grand Lodge officers, and in a few days his wife will receive the sum of two thousand dollars. Out of this sum there are no deductions to be made for expenses, arrears of premium, notes, or other drawbacks as in the case of life insurance, and the wife and family will not be troubled in the least about the matter, the whole business being transacted by the Lodge officers. Mr. Wheeler formerly had a large property, but during the past hard times it has slipped away, and but for his life insurance policy, and his interest in the K. of H., his family would be destitute. As it now is, they are left in comfortable circumstances. No man with a family can afford to go without insurance on his life in some form.

In an old magazine, published twenty years ago we find the following beautiful extract from the pen of the late Hon. George S. Hillard:

"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill-success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which 'die and make no sign;' there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

MORE FUN.—Next Tuesday evening occurs another entertainment at the Unitarian church, and the prospect is for an evening of rare enjoyment. The programme is to be largely musical and slightly operatic. The committee desire to keep the details private, else we should be able to make an announcement that would pack the vestry. The price of tickets is only ten cents.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has voted to hold a fair to raise funds to aid them in their work. It will occur about the middle of February.

THE ICE CROP.

When we went to press last week, hundreds of men were at work on Spy Pond gathering the ice crop, straining every nerve to house all they could before the "January thaw," which set in on Friday, should put a stop to their work. They continued until about four o'clock, last Saturday afternoon, when the ice had become so softened it was useless to store more. The warm weather did not last long, so that last Thursday a gang of about sixty men was set to work grooving, planing and opening a canal ready for general operations the day following. It seems that the ice wasted a mere trifle only (about 1-4 inch) during the warm weather, and was not in the least injured as to quality.

The result of the few good harvest days of last week was twenty thousand tons of ice, but as the company has been drawing from this stock during this week for shipment on the cars, that extra amount will have to be cut from the pond. Should the weather continue favorable it is expected the houses on the west side of the pond will be filled as early as next Wednesday, then work will be commenced on the east side, and continued until all the houses are full, or the weather puts a stop to operations.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—Tuesday evening was spent very pleasantly by the Unitarian Society in witnessing two little dramas which were enacted in the vestry of the church. The audience was a large one. Previous to the lifting of the curtain, the utmost sociability prevailed, and a considerable quantity of confectionery, etc., left over from the late fair, was disposed of.

The first piece was entitled "Society for Doing Good and Speaking Bad." The lifted curtain discovered Mrs. Storer, Mrs. Hartwell, Mrs. Marston, Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Pattee, engaged in sewing and gossiping. Soon after Mrs. Stearns came upon the stage. This was the signal for the opening of a fresh bit of scandal about the minister's wife, in the midst of which the minister and his wife came in unobserved, and overheard the conversation. The result was consternation to the scandal mongers, and a good lecture from the pastor. Mr. G. W. Storer filled this position, and Miss Cutter acted as his wife. It is not often that a neater bit of acting is given by amateurs, especially in the first part.

A young gentleman named Dearborn, of Boston, next favored the company with a medley on the mouth harmonica, closing with "Sweet Home." On being encored he gave the "Last Rose of Summer."

"The Village with but one Gentleman" was then announced as a drama in eight scenes. This sprightly little drama, largely in verse, introduces five ladies, of various ages and conditions, who determine to attend a tea party where the only gentleman in town will be present, and each in soliloquy, expresses confidence in her ability to please "That Mr. Brown." The seventh scene in the drama discovers Mr. Brown in the midst of his tormentors, at the party. The eight, and last, shows him at his boarding place, frantic with the attentions which have nearly extinguished him. The characters were sustained in a highly creditable manner by Mr. G. W. Storer, and Misses Swan, Locke, Waldo, Day, Spaulding, and Mrs. Clapp. Mr. Arthur Peirce filled the part of Mr. Brown, and Miss Cutter acted as boarding mistress in the last scene. The pleasures of the evening were closed with another performance on the mouth harmonica.

LECTURE.—The fifth lecture in the course in the Orthodox church was delivered by Rev. Wm. H. Hubbard, of Merrimac, Tuesday evening last, on "Unpaid for Respectability." The lecturer instanced things in our national and individual life that men seek often without paying for. There are three things that are educators to every man, the schoolmaster, himself and his neighbor. The idea mentioned was that in order to acquire these sources of pride and these means of education, every man must pay the price of an honest, earnest, pure life to make them of value to him. The price we have to pay for our position is honest diligence. We must do our best every where. Fill up our spare hours with usefulness. Let no moment be wasted, but let every one be coined to pay for what we would win, and we shall win. The lecture was an earnest appeal to young men to live a high and noble life.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett will continue his brilliant engagement at the Boston Museum another week, affording an opportunity to witness his artistic performances in an entirely new play, as well as some of the old standards. His support is of the very best material the Museum company affords.

JURORS.—Mr. John Gray has been drawn to serve on the Grand Jury which meets next month, and Messrs. William A. Clark and John W. Day to serve on the Travers Jury.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

There is considerable encouragement for the heavy-laden taxpayer, and a ray or two of hope for the philanthropist, in the recently issued report of the Board of State Charities. The comfort is only of the comparative, and not of the positive sort. To those of our citizens who are old enough to recall the ante-bellum days, when the cloud of pauperism was no bigger than a man's hand, and the tramp was almost an unknown quantity in our social economy, a state of affairs in which, during the year, 6114 persons were wholly supported inside the almshouses, while 2632 are supported outside, is not cheering. It is only by comparison of these returns with those of the preceding year that we are able to extract any encouragement from them. These figures show, to be sure, a slight increase over those of the 1877 report. But the total increase is less than one-half the increase exhibited by the figures of 1877 over those of 1876, while the cost of relieving this mass of poverty is less by about \$13,000 than that of relieving the larger number of cases in the preceding twelvemonth. As we have said, this is comparatively and not positively cheering. The tide of pauperism is still rising, but not so rapidly as heretofore. Turning to those pages of the report that treat of that ever-interesting topic—the tramp—we are offered some similar crumbs of consolation. The tramp was not, we learn, so numerous during the summer and fall of 1878 as during the same period of 1877, "and there are reasons for thinking that the pauper returns of next spring will show a falling off from the numbers reported last March." We trust the Secretary's sanguine anticipation will not be disappointed. In the year covered by the statistics presented, 206,133 cases of vagrancy were relieved, while in the twelve months ending in March, 1877, the cases were fewer by 15,400. But while this is true, it is also true that the 1877 report showed an excess of the number of tramps relieved over the number reported in 1876 of 41,800. So that here again we can encourage ourselves with the reflection that if more tramps applied for aid last year than the year before, the rate of increase was materially reduced.

The Secretary discusses the tramp laws of our own and other States, and draws attention especially to the very stringent statute enacted by New Hampshire last year. The result of that law has been that the fraternity have visited the Granite State in fewer numbers. Vermont has passed a statute equally severe in many of its features. The Secretary gives it as his opinion that a thorough enforcement of our own laws as they now stand would suffice to rid us of the tramp nuisance. For our own part, it occurs to us that if New Hampshire passes a law of great stringency, and Vermont follows suit, while Massachusetts has a less severe statute, poorly enforced, we are very likely to be called upon to bear more than our share of the evil. Drastic measures in one State only drive the tramp into the domains of more generous Commonwealths, where he can prowl with greater immunity. Before we shall deal effectively and equitably with the tramp problem, it seems clear that we must attack it not only in front and rear, but on all sides simultaneously. The tramp is a national nuisance, only to be abated by national effort.

GOOD FATHERS.—It is a good sign and true when you see amid a little group of boys one dart from the rest and tossing his arms above his head, shout, "There's my father!" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business troubles soever that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have had no power to blight. "There's my father!" With what a pretty pride the little fellow shouts this! He must be, indeed, a brute, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not, at such a moment, feel amply repaid for that day's toil, no matter how wearisome. After all, love is the only thing worth having in this world. They who stand over new-made graves tell us so. Fame, and money, and ambition, dwindle to nothing beside the white, calm brow of death, though God knows it may be but the younging of the flock, whose lips have never even learned to syllable our name.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.—To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware! Ye know not what ye wish. No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honors, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this—to be always contented with your lot. Persons who are always busy and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. Lewis Merrill, pastor. Morning service at 10.45; Sunday School at 12. Evening service at 7.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. C. H. Spaulding, pastor. Morning service at 10.30; Sunday School at 12. Afternoon service at 3.00; prayer meeting at 7.00.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Rev. W. J. Parrot, pastor. Sunday School at 9.30; preaching at 10.45.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.—Rev. W. F. Potter, pastor. Morning service at 10.45. Sunday School at 12.

The pastor will preach the fourth of the series of sermons to young people. Subject, "How to have a good time."

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Rev. D. G. Haskins, D. D., Rector. Choir rehearsal at 2; Sunday School at 2.30; prayers and sermon at 3.00; evening prayers and sermon at 7.30.

S. S. TEMP. UNION.—The first public meeting by the Arlington Sunday School Temperance Union was held in the Universalist church, last Sunday evening, commencing at six o'clock. The weather was enough to discourage any one from venturing out, but still the audience filled the church. At the hour named the members of the Union, headed by the President, Rev. William F. Potter, and followed by two boys bearing a very neat banner of blue silk, with their motto "Dare to be True," marched into the church, and took seats reserved for them on either side of the centre aisle.

The exercises opened with reading of scripture by Rev. C. H. Spaulding, and prayer by Rev. J. Lewis Merrill. The programme arranged was then gone through with as follows:—

"We want recruits,"—Master Hollis; "Sowing," Miss Wood; "Nothing but water to drink,"—Miss Stickney; "The Spirit Tree," a company of forty girls; "Natures Wine," Master Fowler; "Street Musicians," Miss Grace Swan; "Would you keep still," Master Allen; closing piece, Master John Allen. Revs. Spaulding and Merrill each spoke briefly, and the exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Spaulding. The exercises were interspersed with singing, under direction of Mr. W. W. Rawson, who had kindly devoted his time to training them for this occasion, and Miss Nellie Hardy presided at the piano.

The exercises named the "Spirit Tree" was a beautiful little lesson. Nine girls occupied the centre of the platform, each bearing a shield inscribed, in gold letters, with the name of one of the fruits of the spirit tree. On either side were arranged those who were to repeat passages of scripture appropriate to the sentiment of the little verse which was sung by the nine soloists, and as each completed the solo, the shields were handed to Mr. Potter, who hung them on a pretty evergreen tree in the rear, and when the exercise was over there stood the tree, bearing its attractive fruits—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

After the meeting was over a large number of the little folks present joined the Union. We congratulate the President, and his principal assistant, Mr. Geo. G. Allen, the Secretary, on the success of this first public meeting.

The little folks are reminded that the regular meeting of the Union occurs next Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock. Please take notice of the change in the time, one hour earlier than usual.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We inserted a notice of this new magazine speaking favorably of it, because we were acquainted with the house publishing it, and knew they would fulfill any promises made in advance. We were not prepared, however, for the little gem they furnished in the first number. No publication of equal value for the money reaches our sanctum. Persons desiring to subscribe can do so at this office, or 55 Beekman St., New York.

COASTING.—The warm weather and rain which nearly ruined our sleighing, improved the coasting on many of the hills, by reducing the quantity of snow and smoothing it down. This was the case at Arlington Heights, and there has been rare sport in that locality during the past week. It will be glorious next week, provided no storms interfere, because there will be a good moon.

SLEIGHING.—Mr. David Clark provided himself with a very nice barge sleigh, early in the season, and the sleighing found him in excellent condition to accommodate parties. We are glad to know he has been liberally patronized, and hope he will reap quite a harvest while the sleighing lasts.

Water takers are reminded that to-day is the last of the days of grace allowed in which payments for water rates can be made. The water will be shut off in every case where payment is not made on or before Feb. 1. Several of our citizens got caught last year.

Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, who has been laboring so successfully in the temperance work in Illinois, returns to Michigan next Tuesday, and commences work at Lansing.

[Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29, 1879.

Mystery of mysteries—641 cipher dispatches in the hands of Ben. Butler, to be added to the avalanche of similar ciphers. This presidential literature taxed the ingenuity of man to devise "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to further the ends of ambitious partisans, thirsting for the flesh pots of Egypt. The secrets of the buried past—the names of the living and dead—the dialects of all nations—Jews, Gentiles, Choctaws and Hottentots—furnished their full share of cabalistic characters to serve the purposes of these experts in the manufacture of ciphers. Looking backward to the time of the early Presidents, with the ciphers of to-day before us, one is amazed at the ignorance of those who laid the foundations of our Government. We revere the names of Washington, Jefferson and the illustrious men who have filled the Presidential chair, yet these worthies all lived and died without ever knowing or dreaming of the deep profundity of cipher dispatches. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." In the light of the latter day disclosures, we are led to wonder how it was possible in the past to elect a President; or even more, to doubt whether one ever was elected. The recent depth of political depravity exhibited reminds one of the olden time, when

"The wisest man in Athens
About the citie ran,
With a lantern in the light of day,
To find an honest man."

Secretary Schurz has shown what he knows about rebuilding the Patent Office, by his delay during the last year, with an appropriation of \$100,000 at his disposal. Sixteen months have transpired since the fire destroyed a portion of the upper story of the Patent Office, and now the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds are inquiring of the Secretary of the Interior what he wants done about it. It would no doubt be economical to allow the walls, unsightly as they are, to stand, that visitors to the Capitol might have an opportunity to explore old ruins, as travelers in the old world do, in ancient Troy.

Elisha Franklin, of Virginia, by bill, asked Congress to grant him 160 acres of bounty land. Hon. Geo. W. Patterson, of the Revolutionary Claims Committee, reported to the House that as the petitioner is now 100 years old, and is desirous of entering upon the profession of a farmer, and proposes to exercise the powers of his youth in breaking up 160 acres of Government land, in his opinion Congress should at once grant his petition and permit him to enter upon his labors, before a second century crowns his years and his honors.

Senator Windom's plan for the migration of colored people from the South has startled the Southern men, as such a step would be the destruction of the labor system of that region, and impoverish the whole Southern country. The colored people are daily growing more and more dissatisfied with their condition, and it can not be expected that they will long allow themselves to be robbed of all their rights—civil and political. Local clubs have already begun to agitate these questions, and the future is pregnant with great changes in the condition of the colored people in this country.

The joint resolution introduced in the House, taking the completion of the Washington Monument out of the hands of those who have controlled the management for more than twenty years, is a move in the right direction. During all this time appeals have been made for funds, which have been responded to by Sabbath schools, lodges, associations and benevolent persons all over the land; and yet, so far as the donors know, the funds have gone "where the woodbine twined." Such a change will be hailed with patriotic joy, and all the people will say amen.

The amount of money to be paid out by the Treasury to the soldiers as arrears of pensions under the act just passed will put into circulation, during the next year, at least \$100,000,000. The effect of distributing among the people such an amount of money, will set in motion idle industries in every part of our country.

Millions upon millions of foreign gold is coming to our shores to purchase the products of our vast domain and our workshops. Agencies so potent will add at least \$350,000,000 to our circulating medium. Already the signs of reviving activity are seen on every hand, and speculative schemes will soon be as popular as during the most inflated period of the war.

Secretary Sherman has won the admiration of the men of all parties for accomplishing resumption against great opposition. It is scarcely possible now to find any man who will admit he was an opponent. The rapid exchange of our six per cent. bonds for four per cents., is another encouraging feature of the times. This difference in interest will have a tonic effect upon our National exchequer. The signs of the times are most encouraging and auspicious. Let every one now begin to do and labor hopefully in the spirit of the divine injunction against tramps: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Let the people everywhere resolve that this law shall be obeyed, and that means shall be applied to enforce labor upon tramping vagrants. Charity is too sacred an attribute to be desecrated and wasted upon this new class of vagabonds, who are an ulcer upon our social fabric. Let them starve or work for the bread they eat under the surveillance of an officer, and in accordance with the dictates of Christian philanthropy. Beggars who can work and will not are thieves in the widest sense, and

giving to them unearned bread is only encouraging a class of shiftless spendthrifts who are a great burden upon society.

The majority report of the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs, appointed at the last session of Congress, is ready for presentation. A synopsis of it published in advance shows it to be an important document. It reviews our policy towards the Indians and condemns it in sweeping terms, asserting that "our wrongful treatment of them is co-equal with our existence." "Co-equal" is not exactly, we apprehend, the term which the committee meant to use, but the idea intended to be conveyed is tolerably clear. The chief cause of the Indian Bureau abuses is set down as the lack of strict accountability between its chief officers and their subordinates. The remedy proposed is the radical one of turning the Indians over completely to the War Department. The reasons assigned by the committee for this recommendation are that the officers of the army are men of high honor and integrity, and each one of them is held strictly accountable to his superior, so that the risk of fraud is reduced to the smallest point. As an additional argument, the cost of managing our Indian affairs would, as the committee contend, be much less under the War office than under the present system. FAX.

LECTURE.—The Lexington Field and Garden Club have had one pleasant evening for their lectures; Thursday evening was all that could be desired, and a good audience (about half a hall full) greeted the lecturer, E. C. Bolles, Esq., whose subject was "Little things in Nature." It was intensely interesting.

SCHOOLS CLOSED.—With the examination of the High School, last Thursday, all the pupils in Lexington public schools enter upon a vacation to last until Feb. 10, giving the last dismissed a little more than a week of rest. We understand that the Committee are well pleased with the condition in which they found all the schools.

We are informed that Judge Keyes has revised his sentence of young Mendill, convicted of cruelty to his horse, remitting the fine of \$125.00, and adding another month of imprisonment. This removes a burden from his parents, who would have been obliged to furnish the money.

WHAT TO WEAR and how to make it, comes to us as a supplement to *Mad. Demorest's Monthly*. It is a book of 125 pages, crowded with timely and seasonable hints as to dress, and containing a large number of illustrations, patterns, etc. Not one inch of space in the book is wasted.

By a note from the publishers of Chamber's Cyclopaedia of English Literature we learn that delay in forwarding copies ordered from the Am. Book Exchange, 55 Beekman St., New York, is occasioned by the unexpected exhaustion of the first edition. They are working night and day on the second edition which will be ready in a few days.

Tickets for the next sociable by the members of Wm. Penn. Hose Co., in their house, are now for sale by the committee. The party will occur on the evening of Tuesday, February 14.

The importation of American cattle into Great Britain is prohibited.

Delightful weather.

Mrs. Jones, how is your health this morning? Thank you, ma'am, much improved. I bought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup last night and after the first dose my cough was checked. I slept well and have not coughed once this morning.

The rapid settlement of the country is doubling the business of the General Land Office. Parties having any matters relating to Land titles should address: President & Green, Attorneys, Washington, D. C., (enclosing stamp). This old reliable firm have secured the services of W. S. Groff, Esq., for twelve years—the head of a division in the General Land Office and all contested Land and Mineral claims, Homestead and pre-emption entries, Soldiers' additional Homesteads, and other business in the General Land Office, will be under his special charge. Patents obtained for Inventors, Pensions and Bounties secured for Soldiers and their Widows. Address as above and prompt replies will be given to all communications upon any business.

Deaths.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Jan. 29th, Mary, daughter of John and Mary Barrett, aged 10 months, 14 days.

TO LET,

THE westerly half of double house, corner of Main and Academy Streets. For terms apply at the house, or of C. S. Parker, Arlington, Feb. 1st.

FOR SALE. Oat Fodder, cut in the milk. Excellent for horses or Milch cows. Also, English and swale Hay. Enquire of Jan. 25-31. WM. H. RICHARDSON.

District Court of the United States, District of Massachusetts.—In Bankruptcy. No. 8516.

UPON a petition presented to the court by Alfred F. Bowman, of Concord, praying that he may be decreed to have a full discharge from all his debts provable under the Bankrupt Act, it is ordered that a hearing be had upon the same on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1879, before the court in Boston in said district, at 10 o'clock, A. M.; and that the second and third meetings of creditors be held before C. F. Howe, Esq., Register, on the 1st day of March, A. D. 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M.; at the office of said Register, No. 28 School street, in Boston, and that all persons interested may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted. E. W. ARN. DEAN, Clerk of said court.

